
Title: Ch. 3: Regatta

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With the help of my
patron, Lanavar, I
acquired a used ship, the
Brite Star.

I took it on a brief run
along the Eastern Coast,
and found it to be
sturdy and quite
seaworthy. I decided to
test the limits of the
Brite Star, so I made
port in Trinsic to take
on supplies at the Keg
and Anchor. While there,
I heard reports of a
Regatta scheduled in
Trinsic that afternoon.
This would be a fitting
test of my new ship!

A regatta is one of
the oldest competitive
traditions among sailors.
It is a race along a
predetermined course, a
true test of ships and
the men who crew them.
This regatta was a short
run around the continent,
though the exact course
was not known to the
racers ere it began.
Instead, those involved
were told only the
location of the first
checkpoint, from whence
we were given the
location of the second
checkpoint, and so on
through the course.

The Trinsic council of
Honor held the regatta,
and, entry fee in hand, I
made my Introductions to
the Mayor of Trinsic, Lily
Prower. My fee was
accepted, and the Brite
Star was negotiated to
the starting line by the

Regatta coordinator, a notable named Valdor Kanz, of the Knights of Sosaria. Once my boat was in place, I returned to the shore to await the other racers.

There were only two other entries that day. Zil arrived soon after I did, and though his ship seemed to look a bit...rough, he had a look of fierce determination in his eyes, and a hint of a smile on his lips. Though I knew not how much sea-going experience he had, I knew he would make up for any lack with guile and sharp wit.

The other competitor was one Eliphas Binael, a Follower of Armageddon. His features were unreadable beneath the Shroud of shadows he wore, and the only comment he made prior to the race was "I hope the weather holds." We competitors wished each other luck, and Valdor Kanz went over the rules one final time. With a cry of "Racers, ready, set, go!" the race was underway.

Some of you are aware of the bond between a Sailor and his ship, or the bond between the Craftsman who built the ship. There is also a bond between the keys to the ship and the ship itself. This bond allows the use of the recall spell upon the key to take one directly to the ship's deck. Eliphas Binael utilized this function much quicker than I, and was off. Zil was a paladin, and as the world dissolved around me, I saw him try to use Sacred Journey, and

watched it fizzle.

Knowing now that I was
in Second from the lead,
I moved quickly for open
water. "Raise anchor!
Come about and make
speed!" I barked at the
tillerman.

"Aye, sir," the
implacable tillerman
replied, and we were
underway. I checked the
coordinates I had been
given, and quickly glanced
at my Atlas to confirm
my Initial guess as to
the first checkpoint: The
small chain of Islands
North of Trinsic.

I coasted up to the
shore, kicking the
gangplank down as the
vehicle slowed to a stop.
I saw the figure of
Eliphas on the deck of
ship, already leaving the
isle's shore and setting a
course south. Upon
receiving my next set of
coordinates, I was
informed that I was not
second, But was In fact
last! Apparently Zil,
though faced with a slow
start, had overtaken both
of us and was now in
the lead! It was a fine
bit of seamanship, though
I was undaunted.

The next waypoint was
for a spot off the
Western coast of the
continent, just south of
the city of Yew. I knew
that Eliphas had taken a
southern route around the
continent, and had no clue
as to the route taken by
Zil. (He told me later,
with a wry grin, that he
ended up running aground
in the orc fort near
Cove. It seems his
enthusiasm and deft
handling of his ship were
not tempered by a
knowledge of geography.)
I decided for what was

the shortest, and riskiest,
route: Sail due east
through the open ocean.
It has always been known
that the world is round,
and thus, like my
Namesake proved in the
annals of history, it is
possible to circumnavigate
the globe. As long as the
Brite Star was as
seaworthy as I believed, I
could quickly shoot across
the open ocean, skirting
past Moonglow, and close
the lead the others had.

The ship was sound, and
I made good time, deftly
issuing commands to skirt
a water elemental in my
path. I turned my
attention to the brute as
it fell behind us, casting
a blade spirit to slow it
from its pursuit. The
vessel slammed to a stop
suddenly, and as the
Tillerman said blandly,
"We've stopped, sir," I
turned to face a second
Elemental gripping the
bow!

I had the presence of
mind to cast the
Protection spell upon
myself before the race
began, so my magical
channeling was not
interrupted by the wave
of attacks I was hit
with, allowing me to
Dispatch the elementals
and get underway once
more, cursing myself for
letting my attention slip.

I landed at the next
Checkpoint, greeted by
the Mayor of Trinsic who
was pulling double duty
for this event. "Well,"
she said, "It seems you
are now in first place."
With a smile she gave
me coordinates to the
Next checkpoint: A ship
weighing anchor in the
southern portion of the
Western sea.

The cruise to this waypoint was uneventful, and as I docked with the Ship, Valdor hailed me.

"You are making excellent time," he said. "Your competitors have yet to reach the second Checkpoint. Keep it up!" and he gave me the next set of coordinates.

This point was on the coast of the Northern Penninsulae: the long tracts of land jutting into sea northeast of Minoc. The Northern Sea is known for its turbulent waters, so I knew my work was cut out for me. I set a course south again, knowing it would be the quickest route to the Northern Sea.

As I suspected, the waters were rough, Prompting the normally silent Tillerman to complain several times. I myself uttered a few curses as the waves tossed the Brite Star.

I made it to the next checkpoint and recieved word that Zil was making up for lost time, though Eliphas had yet to be seen.

The final set of coordinates were a return to the starting point, where we were to hand over the written list of coordinates to the finish line judge. I set course east, then south, cutting across the Bay of Britain. I was fairly confident that victory was assured, though I knew enough that anything could happen between here and there. I made good time; there were several more elementals along my course, but instead of fighting, I maneuvered

around them, Knowing I
could not afford a delay
with Zil close behind. I
arrived first, to be
greeted at the shore by
Sir Robert, Eland, and
the rest of the race
officiators, along with
several spectators, and
the press. Perhaps I
should have issued some
kind of epic statement,
or given a grand speech,
but instead, I waved in
recognition of the brief
applause I recieved, and
said, "If you have a way
to let the other racers
know, inform them there
are many water
elementals between the
last checkpoint and finish
line." As a man of the
sea, I tried to help fellow
sailors, as I hoped they
would help me. Soon
after my arrival, Zil
arrived, a bit chagrined,
but we all had a fine
time sharing tales of the
race. Eliphas never
reached the second
checkpoint. I received a
Ghost Ship Anchor as my
trophy, which I put on
display at my home. Now
confident of my
seamanship, I set out in
search of a new
challenge...